

There's A Honey

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There's A Honey by ullfloattoo

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Language: English

Characters: Bill Denbrough, Eddie Kaspbrak, Richie Tozier, Stanley Uris

Relationships: Bill Denbrough & Eddie Kaspbrak & Richie Tozier & Stanley Uris, Bill Denbrough/Eddie Kaspbrak/Richie Tozier/Stamley Uris

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Summary:

Eddie fell into the big pile of fallen leaves they raked, "I'm so gay," he sighed to the october sky.

"T-T-Tell me a-about it," Bill muttered.

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A quick ot4 drabble

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Author's Note:

enjoy hope its not too weird

Eddie fell into the big pile of fallen leaves they raked, "I'm so gay," he sighed to the October sky.

"T-T-Tell me a-about it," Bill muttered.

"Faggots," Richie laughed as he shivered in his Hawaiian shirt.

Stan pushed at his chest roughly, "Not funny."

Richie crashed dramatically to the ground, "Aw C'mon, Stanley, you know I love you."

Stan rolled his eyes. He hated Richie sometimes. Most of the time, actually. But always, he'd forgive him.

"You're cute when you're angry," Eddie pointed out.

"So's your mom," Richie had to.

"T-T-That doesn't even m-make any s-s-sense."

Richie ignored him and took Eddie's hand in his.

"Look who's A-a fag n-n-n-ow."

Stan focused on getting all the leaves out of Bill's hair as they playfully bickered around him. He leaned into the touch and hummed. They all fought like an old married couple. It often felt like Stan and Bill were the only mature ones in the group, but they couldn't get enough of one another. They wouldn't trade it for the world.

"Shut the fuck up, Bill," Eddie snapped.

As Stan pulled the last stem out, he kissed his cheek softly. Bill

smiled.

“Get a room,” Richie grimaced.

“Stop pretending you hate Stan so much. It’s obviously an act because you can’t come to terms with how much you like him,” Eddie said.

“Exxxaaactly,” Stan mused, “theres enough me for everyone, you know.”

Stan pecked the other two boys. They all laughed and sighed in content.

But that peace didn’t last for long, of course. Bill suggested they watch a scary movie at Richies, “H-o-ow about The Shining?”

“Are you kidding me, Bill? My mom will absolutely kill me if she found out I saw a rated R movie at Richies. Plus, I forgot my inhaler at your place, but i don’t know where I put it! I’m still having fucking nightmares about It...” He continued, talking at a rapid pace.

The three of them sighed again, this time in exasperation.

It was weird, what they all had. Best friends, who held hands and kissed each other in Bill’s garage sometimes. They belonged together, after all.

It’s not like they could have the relationship with another guy, or even girl. Soulmates and brothers, you know, without the incest. They’d all die for each other on the spot need be.

Their parents think it’s some PTSD side affect they got from having a ton of kids that summer disappear. Like, severe attachment issues because they didn’t know which one of them would die next. Every spare second of every day they spent with one another.

But it wasn’t that. It had always been this way, except, they didn’t know it until the summer going into the eighth grade. Everyone suspected Richie and Eddie, so it was a sigh of relief from Bill when he caught the two holding hands in the dark corner of the arcade. Stan scoffed.

Of course, it was no surprise when it was Stan, after just punching Richie, was leaning in to aggressively kiss him with a split lip. He still hated him, though.

Chests heaving, they looked around to see Eddie watching them contently. He wasn't upset. Nobody had to say anything. The three of them knew what was going on.

There was no shame or embarrassment when they told Bill, showed up to his house not thirty minutes later, "What's going on?" He asked without a stutter. He knew something was up.

"We have a crush on you," Eddie admitted.

"W-W-W-We..." Bill trailed, startled.

"Us," Stan said without a blush, "We like each other too."

A wave of something came over all of them that day. Something that stated that this was what they were made for. To be inseparable. It wasn't weird. Nothing had changed, really. The confession seemed like it should've been made centuries ago.

Bill caught on quickly.

And that was that. From then on.

Author's Note:

pls comment and kudos IM BEGGinG